

# Good Morning 759

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## Your Letter said R.S.V.P. Habenton replies

THANKS are due to Lieut. directions, and I really don't see Richard Mason, R.N., of how we can lose our way when we H.M. Submarine Statesman for a make a trip to Shenley to see your very interesting and informative folk.

letter on the likes and dislikes of his crew. Now about that other matter.

Poor little Belinda comes in for some criticism from Lieut. Mason, who says that nobody loves her, what's more important, our Art though "everyone from Captain to Cook has followed the strips with increasing enjoyment." So look out for the gal, she'll be coming your way.

I was glad to hear that the puzzle corner is popular, and if you have any suggestions for it, don't forget to let us know.

We shall be looking out for you when you get home, sir, and, meanwhile, thanks for your kind remarks—they were appreciated by all here.

I DON'T know whether it is shyness or just modesty that prevents submariners from writing more often, but many is the time I had received a letter beginning: "I have been intending to write for a long time now, but kept putting it off."

Do you recognise that quotation, Leading Tel. Don Stroud? Yes, I thought you would, but you needn't have excused yourself by presuming that we are a very busy concern. We're never too busy to write to submariners.

Anyway, Don, now you have written your first letter to us, the second and third should come much easier. Oh, and don't forget that if there's anything you don't like, there's no need to pull your punches.

We certainly will find time to drop in at Linden Road, but the same applies to you as it does to other fellows. It may be a month or two before we make it, owing to the number of addresses we have in hand.

The result, however, should be worth the wait.

ANOTHER shy submariner is A.B. J. S. Ruck, of *Subtle*, who writes: "I have been thinking about writing you a letter for some considerable time now..."

The same applies to you, Mr. Ruck. You know our address now, you know that we answer your letters, and you know that we don't mind how much you criticise the paper, so what is there to stop you writing?

I have taken careful note of your



"I must close now, darling, because I want to write a line to that lousy paper 'Good Morning' while I feel in the mood..."

The address, Sailor, is:  
c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,  
Admiralty, London,  
S.W.1.

ANOTHER seemingly shy writer is Leading Stoker C. Musgreaves, of *Vitality*. He writes: "I have been intending to drop you a line for months now, but something has always cropped up."

This time, nothing cropped up, and the letter was duly written. It contains a message for S.P.O. Tug Wilson, of "Unrivalled."

You remember asking me for a film so that you could get pictures of *Unrivalled* and her crew, Tug? Well, it appears that comrade Musgreaves has some photos which he took when he was with the boat, and he will let you have these if you drop him a line. I told him you would write, so don't let me down, Tug.

THIS is for P.O. Ken Mephram, of *Visigoth*. If you have been reading this column lately, Ken, you will doubtless have seen my explanation about the distribution of our family story pictures and the shortage of paper that still exists everywhere. And that, I'm afraid, is why we can't let you have a print of your family's photograph.

You know, Ken, I'm beginning to think I should have been born a blonde. I suppose it must be that I am particularly dumb, but I just don't get your remark about the pin-up. Maybe it will come to me one day—the explanation, I mean, not the pin-up.

THE first paragraph of a letter from Leading Sig. H. S. Burrows, of *Scorcher*, contains much of that substance known in the Navy, I believe, as flannel.

It seems that the boat had been looking a little bare, and the flannel was the build-up to a request for a few popsies to cover the blank spaces. The little ladies are on the way, *Scorcher*, so I hope you have got homes marked out for them.

Thanks for the kind words, Mr. Burrows, but I'm not so sure that we really qualify for your closing remark that we know enough to be submariners. I can say for the entire staff that we'd rather have our jobs than yours, any day.

ON behalf of our cartoonists, I must thank Stoker Stan Kennedy, of *Stubborn*, for his interest in and praise for their work. The originator of "Just Jake" is Bernard "Jake" Graddon, which should settle any disputes you may have on the matter.

I don't know whether your suggestion that we should print a sports quiz would be generally popular, but if we find other submariners feel the same way, then I am sure we shall be able to do something about it.

# COUNTY OF KENT



"When day is done"—the old bridge and ford at Eynsford.

IF you ask a Kent man what picture he first sees in his mind when he thinks of his county, you may get one of several answers. He may reply, "The Hop Fields," or "The North Downs," or "The Cinque Ports," or "The Apple Orchards," or "Romney Marsh." Or he may mention one of the large market or sea towns of the Thames Estuary.

He may be thinking of some little village half-hidden and (even in these days) half-forgotten, sleeping in rarely visited countryside: such as Downe. He may imagine himself standing on that windswept height of Winterfold Heath, looking out over known places or along the line of hills that stretch away into Surrey.

He may dream of the fresh green of the young hops, in springtime, curling up the tall poles, stretching for miles, yet not monotonous.

He may fancy himself on the mystic levels of the Marsh as evening falls on a summer's day. He may remember the hot sun flooding the vast sea of snow-like apple blossom in great orchards. He may find himself in a fishing boat coming into the shelter of Romney, Hythe, or Dover. He may see again the mellow byways of an ancient town. Or he may be thinking of the crowded streets and bustle of Rochester or Gravesend.

I suppose there is not a county where the scenery or the conditions of life change more rapidly. There is certainly not a county where the geological pattern changes more often in so small an area. And this has much to do with those various replies you will receive from a handful of Kentish Men or Men of Kent—the River Medway is the boundary between the two.

In the north-west, London has crept slowly but inexorably onwards, eating into the countryside with new roads and new houses. Much of the sea-coast has become a holiday ground for the workers of the great city. Yet, between these, the county is much the same as it always has been—a patchwork of meadows and woods, streams and hills, where less than a dozen large towns serve as markets for a wide countryside.

Kent has for so long been known as "The Garden of England" that everybody, not omitting the people of Kent themselves, has become a little tired of the term. And yet it is so apt a name that it can hardly be bettered.

It is true that the county has its many industries. But they are mostly along that short rebellion strip from Chatham to Erith, those ancient risings which the men of Kent have written in the history books seem like holiday processions, were their hedgerows put in danger.

If you imagine a foreigner, coming to England from the Continent—and the southern coastline of Kent is our frontier—and passing by car or by train through the county from Dover or Folkestone to London, you can picture him thinking that this Britain is like a well-tended and prosperous estate lying before a great mansion. Nothing that he has of their visitation. There are left behind is similar to this. The plains of Northern France are countryside, but they are Martello Towers tell of the rolling landscapes, with none of that intimate atmosphere East Kent holds numerous the jig-saw pattern of hedges gives to the Kent countryside of the Island, and hammer as he passes through.

Here in Kent, I have sufficient faith, there would be a holiday processions, were their hedgerows put in danger.

Kent has no need of ancient castles and mansions to commemorate its place in history—though it has these also: The Stone Age to the Battle of the well-tended and prosperous estate lying before a great mansion. Nothing that he has of their visitation. There are left behind is similar to this. The plains of Northern France are countryside, but they are Martello Towers tell of the rolling landscapes, with none of that intimate atmosphere East Kent holds numerous the jig-saw pattern of hedges gives to the Kent countryside of the Island, and hammer as he passes through.

By D. N. K. Bagnall

Everything is on the small scale (to him). A field with some sheep and lambs in it; a small wood; a cosy village; a field of young wheat; a stretch of barren poles like a miniature forest; a vista of apple trees—all mixed up in a small area and repeated time and again.

We do not realise how much we owe our pleasant landscape to the twisting hedgerows. They break up the countryside into patches of land, each one having individual beauty. In themselves, with their wild roses, May blossom and wild flowers, they are delightful, but they give to the fields a constantly changing charm that cannot be found in a boundless terrain.

They are so much part of our rural scene that we regard them as a natural feature that must always remain. They are not. They were set by men in distant times. And men can destroy them. There are today some agriculturists who urge the development of huge farms. With modern destructive machines such as the bulldozer the face of the countryside could be permanently changed almost as easily as mowing a field.

carried on their business are found in the weald.

But beyond all these, the nearer ages are evident in those hundreds of villages and hamlets that lie beneath the slopes of the North Downs or in the wooded weald. Villages that in centuries have hardly changed their appearance, except that they now have, maybe, a bus stop and a post office.

But the single-decker buses that draw up before the "White Horse" or the "King's Arms," or the "Blue Boar," seem almost to have become saturated with the mellow spirit of the old houses and calm village green, and no longer, to our eyes, conflict with its charm.

Do you know that road that goes from Westerham through Crockham and Four Elms to Chiddingstone and Penshurst? It is one of those short stretches of road that can so often be found in Kent, where everything that is lovely seems to dwell. Westerham, with its delightful street of old houses; at their backs spacious parklands and picturesque mansions. Chiddingstone with its fine church, its old inn by the castle gates, the line of half-timbered houses sleepy in the

sunshine—all set in a background of rich meadows. And Penshurst with its charm and peaceful magic.

A more dour charm lingers around the villages of Romney Marsh. The multitude of winding lanes that go their lonely way across the level lands to Appledore and Snargate, New Church and Ivychurch, Hope and Old Romney, seem secret ways to some strange place that never comes over the horizon.

Only Lydd, perhaps, fulfills to some extent their beckoning. A delightful place in summer sunlight, but turning to a haunt of mystery on an autumn evening.

It is not difficult to credit the sombre tales of ghosts and will-o'-the-wisps that are told about the Marsh, nor of the more adventurous but sometimes grim stories of smuggling that give the low land between Dunge Ness and Ruckinge a touch of romance. Much of the Marsh is under wheat, but much is still the haunt of wild fowl, who love the sluggish streams and muddy flats and make it more lonely with their cries.

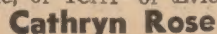
In the midst of loneliness and apparent quiet, you are aware of hidden life in that wide, barren landscape, whose pastel shades are comparable only to the fens of East Anglia.

Unless the Marsh claims from you a deep affection—and that is sometimes the case—you are glad to take the Folkestone road to come again to the more human living places of men, though Folkestone itself may give you more than you want, in one piece, of humanity. But if this is so, you can turn aside to Lymping, Eltham or Swingfield—or any one of a dozen places that are full of the spirit of the "Garden of England."

For the thousands of people who go to Hythe or Folkestone, a few hundreds only, I suppose, go into the nearby countryside, where all that is Kent and much that is England offers itself—valleys with placid meadows and quiet streams, bowing corn and weighted orchards, and picturesque villages that have not yet been spoiled by the inroads of modern monstrosities.

There is no need to travel in Kent. Set me down at any point between Faversham and Dymchurch, or Deal and Edenbridge, and within a mile or two I will find you a passable paradise.







## Wangling Words No. 697

1. Behead an agent and get a player.
2. Insert the same letter five times and make sense of: uytheestriskebofeefattheutchers.
3. What cereal can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: He always wears a piece of — in his — shoe.

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 696

1. G-ape.
2. Grocers sell rice, apricots and cornflour.
3. ELL, MILE, HANK.
4. Gifted, fidget.

## JANE

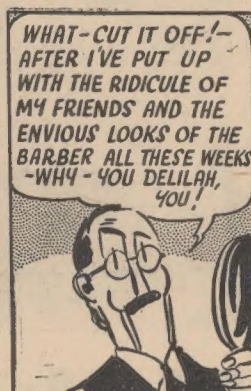
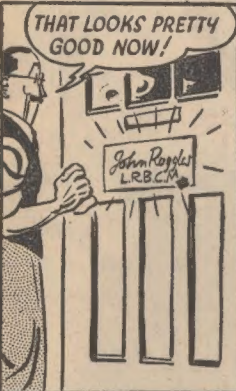
AS THE NIGHT WEARS ON...



DASHED SORRY IF I LED YOU ON, BUT WE CAN'T GO ANY FURTHER!—YOU SEE, I'VE GOT A WIFE AND THREE JOLLY LITTLE KIDS OF MY OWN—WHAT!



## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



CLUES ACROSS.—1 Valley. 5 Gratify. 10 Musing. 11 Boy's name. 12 Showy plant. 13 Dress. 15 English poet. 17 Firm. 18 Run off. 20 Meals. 22 Church walk. 25 Plus. 26 Habituate. 28 Windmill blades. 30 Artist. 32 Send forth. 34 Small animal. 36 Expedient. 37 Ruminant. 38 Check. 39 Consumes.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Stern. 2 Dictionary. 3 Bad. 4 More trim. 5 Softly. 6 Permit. 7 Tune. 8 Acid herb. 9 Watched. 14 Pronoun. 16 Past. 19 Linger. 20 Food providers. 21 Give notice. 23 Proper time. 24 Extols. 27 Small amphibians. 29 Jot. 31 Perused. 33 Paid up. 35 Space of time.

# Fire, Water and Caldota

(Continued from Page 2) coming ambitious. He had ordered he smiled in return. Once she keged to Caldota's place. His keged a great deal of timber from the even dared to do this while she was opened at once. It was pure, local yard and was intending to was with her father. frozen butter. But while he was build a real house. He had drawn The Mayor, indeed, was not preparing to sell this delicious the plans himself, basing them on idle. He, too, had now frozen commodity there arose a shout the imposing structure of the margarine for sale, and he had that Samuel Perse had gone one Mayor's dwelling, but with more accommodation. He hired two peons to dig the foundations, and himself helped to lay the flooring and erect the up-He had taken the hint from rights for the walls. Alita and had bought two barrels When the framework was complete he did another strange thing. The Mayor closed his store Every spare hour he spent digging up a large part of the ground behind his house. In this ground he planted seeds, then returned to nobody wanted to buy it. complete the house. The cash register rattled merrily all that day and in the dark-ness of evening the strains of the guitar issued from Caldota's house. He saw little of Alita, for she did not dare to show herself near his shack and he dared not call on her; but whenever she passed she bad Spanish, and not quite so round that Samuel Perse was be-smiled and waved her hand and bad English, stated that in a few

weeks Samuel Perse would be What was a man's garden com-able to sell fresh vegetables of pared with that? Samuel thought his own growing. Now, fresh these things out, and, deciding vegetables were much desired at that Mayor Caldota was a wise Anapala, but nobody thought of man, took down the card he had growing them, and the announce-hung out about the vegetables. ment created quite a sensation.

## And then the first disaster came.

A wild boar hunt was organised by the Mayor, and the boar was chased into the fence between Samuel's garden and the jungle. It broke into the garden and after it came the mules and horses of the hunters.

The boar was killed under the walls of Samuel Perse's new home, but the hoofs of the horses and mules tore up the young plants and played havoc generally, leav-ing the place as riotous as any jungle.

To think of compensation was to make himself ridiculous in the eyes of the population. A boar was a nuisance and a danger, and to kill one was a service.

(To be continued).

## PUZZLE CORNER

When you have filled in the answers to the clues given, you will find the centre column down gives you the upper edge of a boat's side!—

1. Abyssinian title equivalent to King.
2. A flaw.
3. A native of Hindustan.
4. A precious stone.
5. A sharp ringing sound.
6. Greek letter D.
7. To argue in support of a claim.

Solution to-morrow.

## People are Queer

FOR over thirty years Mr. Lawry Robins, now a mechanical engineer on the G.W.R. clerical staff at Swindon, has dreamed of sailing round the world. And not only that—he has put aside what money he could to make it a reality.

On an autumn morning, the Robins family will leave their home in Oxford-road, Swindon, and go down to Dover, where their trawler "Renown" will be awaiting them.

Their dream ship will take them out into the Channel for their round-the-world trip.

When Mr. Robins advertised for others willing to make the great adventure with him, his post-bag was crammed with replies from people of all ages and of all countries. It was a headache to pick out the right crew.

THE woman whose job it is to brighten up London squares and gardens with flowers and flowering shrubs hasn't even a window-box of her own.

Secretary of the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association, which has charge of nine City gardens, and advises owners of others, Miss Margaret Eliot lives in a Chelsea flat, but spends most of her time seeing that the dull evergreen shrubs planted in the select squares of Victorian days are gradually superseded by brighter things.

The association never plants anything that does not have flowers or berries

## CROSS-WORD CORNER

SCUD DISMAL  
H SOLON ICY  
ECHO GARNER  
ALERT COO E  
FOR UPTURNS  
W FRUIT O  
UNDERGO PIP  
L ARE NURSE  
COUNTS PIED  
EBB EPSOM A  
RESEDA NEIL

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10								
12				13		14		
15				16		17		
			18		19			
20	21			22		23	24	
25				26	27			
		28	29				30	31
32	33			34		35		
36						37		
38					39			



# Good Morning



## CANADA ROOTS FOR "SALOME."

Sinuous Canadian dancer, Yvonne de Carlo, is the only girl in Hollywood history to land a contract as a direct result of the efforts made by men in the armed forces.

Seems twenty-one Royal Canadian Air Force types took it upon themselves to bombard the studios with glowing accounts of the De Carlo torso.

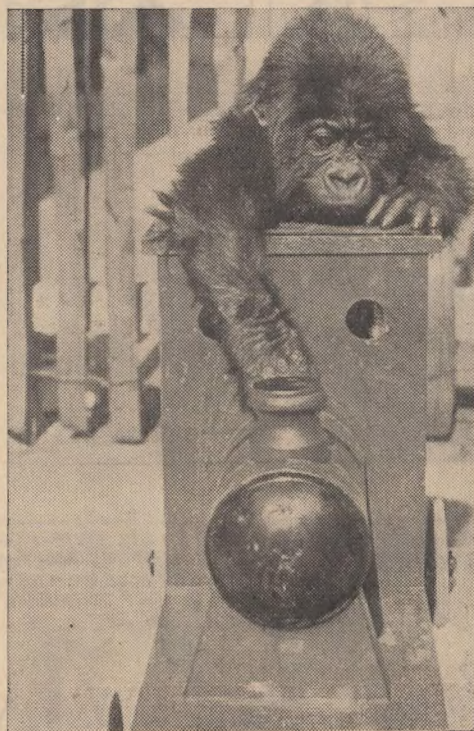


**THIS ENGLAND.**—The old courtyard of the "Saracen's Head"—old coaching inn at Southwell, Notts. Idea was you drove through the wide archway into the cobbled courtyard, blew a blast on the horn to summon the ostlers, hailed the landlord to bring the flowing bowl, chucked the dimpled barmaid under the chin, yelled for a baron of beef to stay the pangs of hunger—and then when you had eaten well and drank better you continued your journey down the highway. Happy days.



## TWO BICYCLES MADE FOR TWO.

On your left is the "Daring Young Man"—not on the flying trapeze, this time. Beside him is grandmama when she was a girl. We think they look perfectly sweet—the pair of them.



## MONKEY BUSINESS.

"Hullo, somebody's thrown a monkey-wrench into the works, it seems. The way folk fool around with expensive machinery—it's enough to drive me nuts."



## FILM STARS AND THEIR PETS.

Warner's Ann Sheridan has no time for toy lap dogs. The jolly beast you see with her in this picture is the type of tripe hound that is generally used on a man hunt. Can't be that Ann is on a man hunt?